X-FILES

MARVEL 94 .com

THERE ARE REALITIES OUTSIDE OUR OWN; SOME SIMILAR, OTHERS ABNORMAL. SOMETIMES THESE REALITIES ARE DAMAGED, AND NEED SOME HELP.
THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN...

EXILES

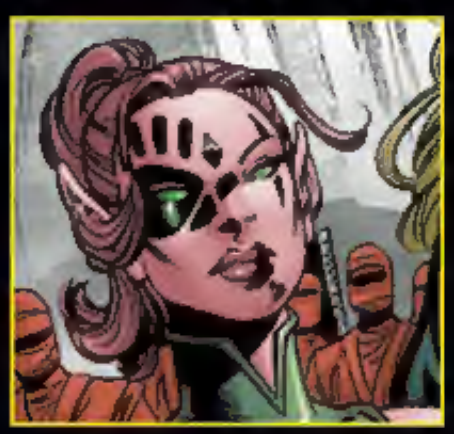
Stolen from countless different realities, the Exiles' roster is constantly shifting, depending on the specific mission.

CURRENT ROSTER:

SABRETOOTH
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

MORPH
EARTH-58163

PSYLOCKE
EARTH-616



BLINK
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

LONGSHOT
MOJOVERSE

SPIDER-MAN 2099
EARTH-6375

Time is running out for the Exiles on Earth-1720. Longshot has resisted Madame Hydra's control, but even with his help, Sabretooth and Morph are still no match for the Slaymaster. And Psylocke, ordered to kill Reed Richards, finds him less than willing to cooperate.

Madame Hydra has reached Reed's headquarters. He's offered her a deal: in exchange for Earth-1720's freedom, Madame Hydra can have the omniverse itself!

TEAM COORDINATOR

HEATHER HUDSON
EARTH-3470

EXILES (ISSN #1540-0964) **No. 94, July, 2007.** Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2007 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXILES, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT, P.O. BOX 110 NEWBURGH, NY 12550. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 457-5029. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com.** ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, Senior VP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, VP of Business Affairs & Editorial Operations; JIM BOYLE, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

EARTH 1720

SUSAN STORM-RICHARDS, A.K.A. MADAME HYDRA.

REED RICHARDS, A.K.A. MR. FANTASTIC.

SO, MY LOVE, YOU WISH ME ON MY MERRY WAY TO *CONQUER* THIS INFINITE NUMBER OF *PARALLEL DIMENSIONS*...

...LEAVING *YOU* IN SOLE POSSESSION OF THIS PALTRY LITTLE PLANET?

WHY, REED? WHAT'S IN IT FOR *YOU*?

CALL IT A FOOLISH DESIRE TO GROW OLD IN *PEACE*.

BAPPT

IT'S VERY *TEMPTING*--

--WHAT THE *DEVIL*?!

WOLVERINE?!?

KRAK

WHAT *TREACHERY* IS THIS, REED?!

FROM YOU, I EXPECTED BETTER!

=LIFFFT= AND WHAT WAS WOLVERINE DOING, SUSAN? SNEAKING UP ON ME FROM BEHIND...

...HIDDEN BY YOUR INVISIBILITY, WITH HIS CLAWS EXTENDED?

X-MEN

ENEMY OF THE STARS PART 5 (OF 5)

BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & PAUL PELLETIER

RICK MAGYAR AND GARY MARTIN INKS
WIL QUINTANA COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
NATHAN COSBY ASST. EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
AN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

PUT AWAY OUR FURY FOR A MOMENT, SUE.

THINK ABOUT WHAT I OFFER!

CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITIES.

I HAVE, DEAR HEART.

I'LL JUST REMOVE THIS PRECIOUS DEVICE FROM YOUR GRASP.

THE THING IS, YOU SEE, I JUST DON'T LIKE SHARING.

ANY MORE THAN I LIKE LEAVING LOOSE ENDS BEHIND.

BETTER BY FAR TO LEAVE A DEAD REED TO GO WITH THIS DEAD WORLD.

AND WHO HAVE WE HERE?

WHEN I THOUGHT OF THIS IDEA, IT TURNED OUT MUCH BETTER.

SOME NICE, YOUNG LOVELY, MY DARLING, TO KEEP YOU COMPANY IN YOUR GRAVE?

FWAM

MY WORD, YOU *ARE* PRETTY.

I DON'T FLINCH, I DON'T CRY OUT. I KEEP MY BODY LIMP.

NOT AS HARD AS IT SOUNDS, SINCE I CAN'T REMEMBER A HARDER IMPACT.

SUCH A *PITY.*

BUT I *SURVIVED.*

THIS VERSION OF *WOLVIE* FIGURES I'M EASY *PREY.*

MY *LOGAN* WOULD NEVER MAKE THAT KIND OF *MISTAKE.*

OH NO, REED, YOU DON'T GET TO *SAVE* HER.

I'M *GLAD* SHE MEANS SOMETHING TO YOU.

THAT MAKES THIS *SO* MUCH MORE *DELIGHTFUL.*

WHA--?!

MY SENTIMENTS, EXACTLY.

CRUNCH

HE'S QUICK AND STRONG AND WELL TRAINED.

BUT HE'S TOO USED TO *WINNING.*

HE GIVES IN TOO QUICKLY TO HIS *RAGE.*

WHICH MAKES HIM EVEN MORE *SLOPPY.*

I'M ACTUALLY STARTING TO *ENJOY* THIS FIGHT.

WHEN I REALIZE WE'RE NO LONGER *ALONE.*

MY *HEART* REACTS BEFORE MY BRAIN.

MY EYES SPILL OVER WITH *TEARS.*

THE LAST TIME I SAW THIS FACE...

...WAS THE MOMENT BEFORE *SLAYMASTER* TORE AWAY MY EYES.

MEANWHILE IN BRYANT PARK...

THAT SLAYMASTER'S WELL NAMED.

CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I WAS EVER HURT THIS BADLY.

I'M PUSHIN' MY NATURAL HEALIN' FACTOR AS HARD AS I CAN.

CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE CLARICE AN' SPIDEY PICKIN' UP WHERE THEY LEFT OFF.

'SPECIALLY WHEN I'M IN NO SHAPE TO FIGHT 'EM.

HELL, I'M LUCKY I CAN EVEN MOVE.

WE DO THIS AGAIN, SLAYMASTER AN' ME, I'M GONNA BE READY.

THEN WE'LL SEE HOW WELL HE LIKES BEIN' ONNA RECEIVING END.

WHERE ARE THOSE BOYS?

LONGSHOT AN' MORPH DON'T HAUL THEIR BUTTS BACK HERE WITH BETSY--

--SOMEONE'S COMIN'?!

LOSIN' MY BALANCE!

OUCH!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHO WANTS TA KNOW?

VICTOR CREED, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE VALERIA RICHARDS.

THIS IS REED'S DAUGHTER.

THE SALVATION OF THIS WORLD.

PLEASED TA MEET'CHA, DARLIN'.

WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS?
DOIN' WHAT COMES NATURALLY, I FIGURE.
TRYIN' TA SAVE YOUR WORLD AN' OUR FRIEND.
THAT'S FUNNY, I THOUGHT SAVING THE WORLD WAS MY JOB.
ARE YOU BADLY HURT?
NOTHIN' THAT WON'T HEAL.
HOW'RE YOU GONNA SAVE THE WORLD?
CREED, THIS IS HEATHER!
WE'RE OUT OF TIME, WE'VE GOT TO GO.
HEATHER, HALF THE TEAM ISN'T HERE, THE GUYS WENT TO COLLECT BETSY.
I WARNED THEM. I WARNED YOU.
I'M SORRY, CREED. IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
IF YOU TAKE AWAY YOUR FRIENDS, SABRETOOTH, THEY'LL NEVER BE FREE OF THE HAND.
YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.
YES, CREED, I DO.
THEY'LL BE ALIVE.
THEY'LL BE MONSTERS.
AIN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING, LADY, DON'T YOU UNDER-STAND?!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THIS WORLD--THIS ENTIRE DIMENSION--IS GONNA DIE!

WE'VE HEARD THAT THREAT BEFORE.

WE'RE STILL HERE, SABRETOOTH. WE STILL FIGHT.

MY DAD WILL FREE YOUR FRIENDS--

--IF YOU'LL JUST TRUST US.

YOU BELIEVE THAT MUCH IN YOUR DAD?

HE'S MY DAD!

LISTEN TO HER, SABRETOOTH.

THERE'S SO MUCH MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN YOU CAN SEE.

ALL OUR LIVES, WE'VE FOUGHT TO BE FREE--

--TO MAKE OUR OWN CHOICES, OUR OWN FUTURE.

I'M NOT ABOUT TO QUIT NOW.

CREED-- FOR GOD'S SAKE, NO!

I DO THIS FOR YOU, CLARICE.

DON'T BREAK CONTACT!

REED RICHARDS' UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS

YOU FIGHT WELL, CHILD.

YOUR FACE SHOWS THAT YOU KNOW OF ME.

AND YOUR TEARS, THAT YOU KNOW THE FATE THAT AWAITS YOU.

SAVOR THESE MOMENTS, MY BRAVE GIRL. THEY ARE YOUR LAST.

STOP TALKING, YOU DEMENTED CLOT--

--KILL HER!

SUSAN, THAT'S ENOUGH!

LET THE GIRL GO!

HAPPILY, MY DARLING--WHEN SHE'S DEAD!

I WAS ALL SET TO DO SOMETHING...

SNIKT!

...BUT WOLVERINE BEAT ME TO IT.

THIS BATTLE SHOULD HAVE BEEN MINE.

PERHAPS NOT BUT TELL ME, LORD WOLVERINE--

DOES IT MATTER, SO LONG AS WE WIN?

--IS THAT FEAR I SEE UPON YOUR FACE?

STOP IT, THE BOTH OF YOU.

WHAT MATTERS--THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS--IS THE WINNING.

SAVOR THESE MOMENTS, MY DARLING, FOR THEY'LL BE YOUR LAST.

WOW

WANNA BET?!

YOU CLOWNS PLAN ON MESSING WITH THE EXILES...

...YOU'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCES.

WHOAW!

I ALWAYS KNEW I WAS GOOD...

...BUT I'M SLAMMING THESE GUYS OFF THE CHARTS!

MORPH, I'VE FOUND BETSY!

HOW BAD, LONGSHOT?

SHE'S CONSCIOUS...

...BUT I CAN BARELY FEEL HER PULSE.

AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, BOY...

...THAT'LL BE GONE.

AS ALWAYS, IF A THING NEEDS DOING...

...YOU REALLY HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF.

AND AS FOR *YOU* WRETCHED CREATURES...

...HOW *DARE* YOU LAY HANDS ON ME?!

WHATEVER IT TAKES, LADY, TO BRING YOU *DOWN.*

DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE A *MATCH* FOR ME?

ACTUALLY, I FIGURED THAT WAS MY LINE.

I BUILT MY *EMPIRE* ATOP THE BODIES OF THE *AVENGERS* AND THE *X-CORPS.*

ALL WHO THOUGHT TO SEE ME *FALL* HAVE PAID FOR THAT *ARROGANCE...*

...WITH THEIR *SCREAMS!*

I'LL TAKE THE LONG SHOT.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU RESISTED OUR CONDITIONING--!

JUST LUCKY, I GUESS.

THE BOY SPEAKS LIGHTLY...

...YET HIS WORDS BEAR A PRIMAL TRUTH.

HIS MOVES APPEAR RANDOM...

...YET THEY ALWAYS WORK OUT...

...TO HIS BENEFIT.

HIS REACTIONS, HIS TIMING ARE UNCANNY.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE.

MISTRESS, A WORD, IF YOU PLEASE. IT IS IMPORTANT.

HANG ON, BETSY, WE'LL GET YOU OUTTA HERE.

WE'LL BRING YOU HOME, SAFE AND SOUND, YOU GOT MY WORD!

FINALLY!

WHATEVER SLAYMASTER'S SAYING TO MRS. RICHARDS, IT'S DOING A MAJOR NUMBER ON HER CONCENTRATION.

I'M FINALLY GETTING THE CHANCE TO BUILD UP SOME SHIELD ARRAYS TO DEFLECT HER ENERGY BOLTS.

INVISIBLE FORCE-FIELD, LONGSHOT.

BET YOU DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMING.

CLEVER, CLEVER REED.

ALWAYS LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER.

DID YOU HOPE BANISHING ME WOULD SAVE THIS WORLD?

OR DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING EVEN BETTER IN MIND?

CLIK

SUCH A PITY WE'LL NEVER KNOW, MY DARLING.

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE JUST RUN OUT OF TIME.

IMAGINE THE *UNIVERSE*--GALAXIES, STARS, PLANETS--LIFE IN ALL ITS VARIED, INFINITE *GLORY*.

THEN, IMAGINE *ANOTHER* ONE RIGHT NEXT TO IT. AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, *AD INFINITUM*.

THAT'S *CROSSTIME*.

AN *INFINITE* SERIES OF *DIMENSIONS*, VARIATIONS ON THE SAME BASIC THEME

NOW--SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY--TAKE ONE OF THEM *AWAY*.

HERE ONE *MOMENT*.

GONE, THE NEXT.

ALONG WITH *ALL* THE LIVING BEINGS WHO CALL IT HOME.

IT'S NOT SO BAD FOR *ME*. I'VE DIED BEFORE.

WORSE BY FAR, FOR THOSE LEFT BEHIND

LIKE *HEATHER*, IN THE *CRYSTAL PALACE*.

NO, OH *NO!*

THE WHOLE DIMENSION--

--IT'S GONE!

DON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES, WOMAN.

DON'T TRUST THESE SYSTEMS, THEY'VE GLITCHED FOR YOU BEFORE.

JUST KEEP TRYING, KEEP CALLING.

..UNTIL THEY ANSWER.

NO MORE VOICE, NO MORE BREATH. I'VE BEEN CALLING FOR HOURS. I'VE GOT NOTHING.

NOTHING BUT STATIC...

..AND EMPTY SPACE.

QUERY, BROTHERS, WHAT HAS OCCURRED?

DIMENSION 1720 HAS BEEN ERASED...

..AND WITH IT, OUR CHAMPIONS

MY FRIENDS-- ARE DEAD!

TIME PASSES.

DARKNESS IS BROKEN BY LIGHT.

AND FROM THAT LIGHT...

...REBIRTH.

EVERYTHING'S BACK--THE WAY IT WAS.

BUT--THE WORLD CAME TO AN END.

WE ALL DIED!

I-I FELT IT.

THANK MY DAD.

HE MADE US A MIRACLE.

WE'RE ALIVE.

HOORAY FOR US.

BUT NO FAIR THE WORLD GETS SAVED...

...WHILE BETSY'S STILL LEFT DYING.

IT WORKED.

BLESS MY SOUL, MY PLAN WORKED!

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MUTANTS...

?

!

...LET'S GET THE YOUNG LADY UPSTAIRS AND INTO OPEN AIR.

AS USUAL, WE HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO AND PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME.

I'VE NEVER KNOWN A *MORNING* LIKE THIS.

THE *SKY* IS IMPOSSIBLY CLEAR AND THE *AIR*--

--*MANHATTAN* AIR--HAS THE CLEAN, ENTICING CRISPNESS OF THE OPEN *SHORE*.

HOW DO YOU *FEEL?*

LIKE I'M IN A *DREAM*.

THIS WAS ONE *HECK* OF A PLAN, DR. RICHARDS.

YOU *EXILES* MADE IT POSSIBLE, MORPH.

YOUR FRIEND *HEATHER'S* COMLINK ISN'T AS *SECURE* AS SHE BELIEVES. ONCE I KNEW OUR SITUATION, THE REST WAS ESSENTIALLY *IMPROVISATION*.

DADDY!

CONGRATULATIONS, MY LOVE. VICTORY IS YOURS.

NO, ELEKTRA. IT ALL WOULD HAVE MEANT *NOTHING* WITHOUT *THIS*.

I OWE YOU A DEBT I CAN NEVER REPAY.

NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU WENT THROUGH ALL THIS TO SAVE A WORLD FOR *THREE* PEOPLE TO LIVE ON.

WHAT ABOUT *US?*

STOP THE PRESSES. GLOBAL POPULATION APPROACHES *DOUBLE-DIGITS!*

EVEN *I* AM NOT *QUITE* THAT ARROGANT OR SELF-ABSORBED.

I HAD A *PLAN*.

I'M AFRAID I *ALWAYS* HAVE A PLAN.

SUSAN ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT *HAPPENED* TO EARTH'S *POPULATION*.

I ALWAYS ACTED LIKE IT WAS SOME DESPERATE *ESCAPE* ATTEMPT...

...GONE TRAGICALLY, TERRIBLY *WRONG*.

SHE SO LOVED THE IDEA OF ME MAKING SO AWFUL A *MISTAKE* THAT SHE NEVER REALLY *QUESTIONED* ME.

IN FACT, THE *ANSWER* WAS RIGHT UNDER HER NOSE THE WHOLE TIME...

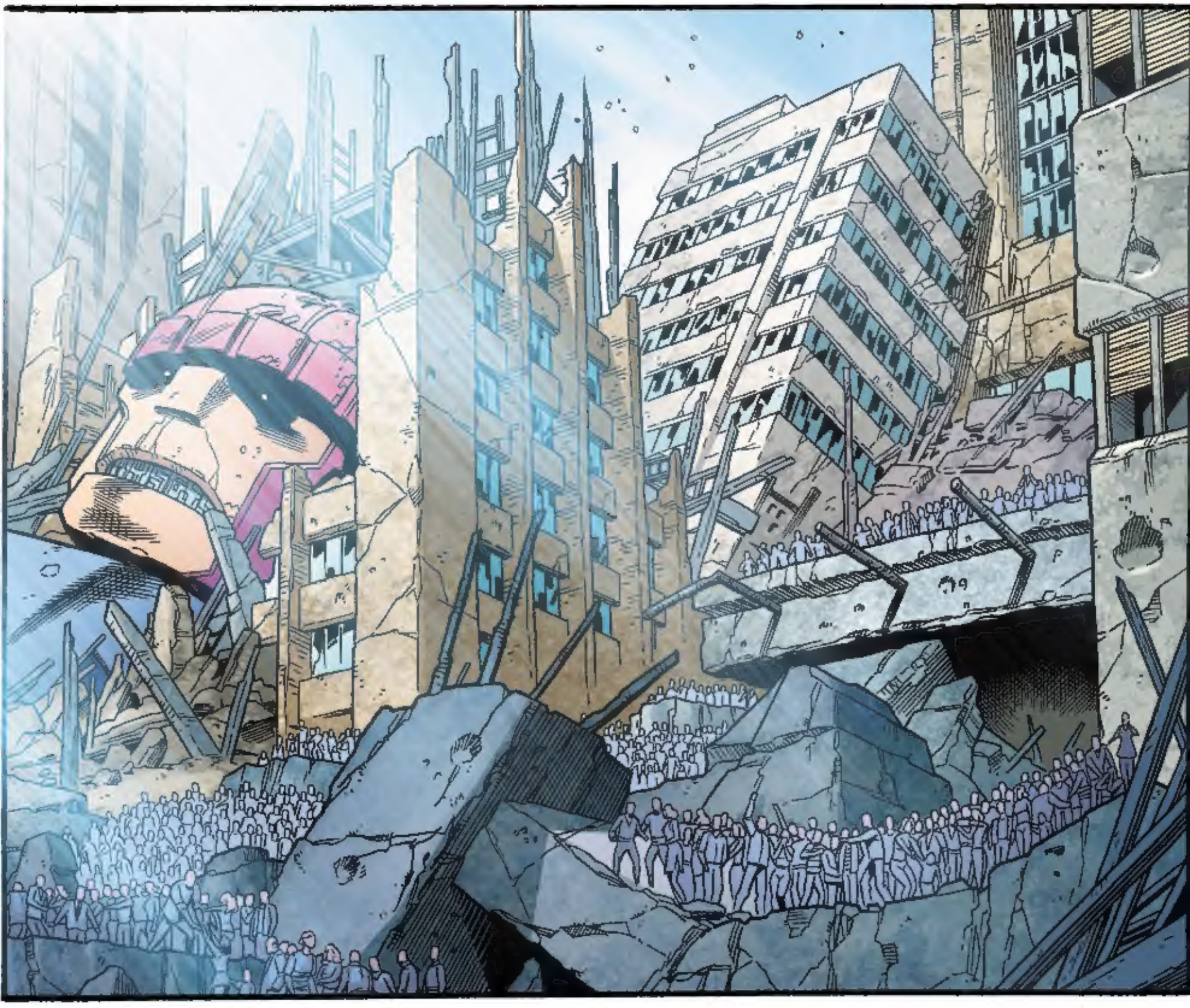
...AROUND MY DAUGHTER'S *NECK*.

"*TOO MANY* HAD ALREADY DIED AND THE ONLY ENDINGS IN SIGHT WERE ANNIHILATION OR ENSLAVEMENT.

"I GAVE MYSELF TWO PRIORITIES: *SAVE* THE PEOPLE, AND THEN THE PLANET.

"IN THE END, I THINK WE MANAGED TO RESCUE A *BILLION*, PERHAPS EVEN *TWO*.

"WE DID IT IN A *SINGLE NIGHT*, BY MAKING SUSAN BELIEVE WE WERE USING THE GIANT *SENTINELS* TO STAGE A DESPERATE, *GLOBAL RESCUE*.



"WHILE HYDRA SMASHED THEM DOWN, I BOUNCED A *TELEPORT*-FIELD OFF AN ORBITAL SATELLITE AND ESSENTIALLY MADE EVERYONE ON EARTH WHO WASN'T HYDRA-- *DISAPPEAR*.

"THEY WERE REDUCED TO THEIR DIGITAL ESSENCE AND STORED IN A *PAN-DIMENSIONAL* POCKET, ACCESSED THROUGH MY DAUGHTER'S NECKLACE. SUSAN *NEVER* SUSPECTED.

"QUITE *IMPRESSIVE*, YOU MIGHT THINK--UNTIL YOU REMEMBER THE *FIVE BILLION* WHO *DIED*.

"BUT WE WHO SURVIVED CAN *START* AGAIN. AND PERHAPS MAKE THIS WORLD THE *HOME* WE DREAMED OF, FOR US *ALL*."

TIME PASSES, BUT I DON'T COUNT THE DAYS.

I HEAL WAY FASTER AND BETTER THAN EXPECTED, BUT IT STILL TAKES A WHILE.

SAME GOES FOR THIS CITY, AND THE WORLD...

...AS THE SURVIVORS GET TO WORK REBUILDING BOTH, FAR BETTER THAN BEFORE.

WE DON'T SEE MUCH OF ELEKTRA.

SHE FEELS THIS REBORN WORLD HAS LITTLE PLACE FOR THE LIKES OF HER.

SHE WONDERS HOW SHE'LL FIT IN.

IF SHE SHOULD EVEN TRY.

EITHER WAY, SHE FEARS SHE'LL LOSE THE MAN SHE LOVES.

BLINK WILL NEVER HAVE THAT PROBLEM.

WHATEVER HAPPENS, SHE'LL ALWAYS HAVE SABRETOOTH.

HEY, CLARICE-- HOW D'YOU FEEL?

MR. CREED?

YUP?

I... I...

...I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!

I'M SO SORRY!

REED'S STILL NOT COMPLETELY HEALED. THERE'S A SUSPICION THAT SUE HURT HIM FAR MORE SERIOUSLY THAN HE'S LET ON. BUT HE TAKES NO TIME FOR HIMSELF, HE SAYS THERE'S TOO MUCH WORK YET TO DO.

THE TROUBLE IS, HE'S RIGHT.

WE'RE A LOT ALIKE, ELEKTRA AND I.

WARRIORS BORN.

SOLITARY SOULS.

SHE LOVES HIGH PLACES, I PREFER THE SEA AND THE SKY.

WHILE I RECOVER, I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF *THINKING*.

MOSTLY, ABOUT *WHERE* I GO FROM HERE.

AND WHAT I'M GOING TO *DO*.

HEY, BETSY, HOW'S IT GOING?

YOU LOOK SO *LONELY*.

WE FIGURED YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE THE DAY WITH *FRIENDS*.

SUCH AN *OFFER*, FROM SUCH A PAIR OF *FELLAS*--

--HOW CAN A LADY *REFUSE*?

PERHAPS-- START A *NEW BEGINNING*?

ANOTHER DIMENSION, ANOTHER EARTH, ANOTHER *BETSY*.

YOU ARE TRULY *BEAUTIFUL*.

YOU'RE VERY *KIND*.

NOT AT ALL. A WOMAN SHOULD ALWAYS HEAR THE *TRUTH*...

...AT THE *MOMENT* OF HER *DEATH*.

NEXT: WE'RE BACK!